

B. A. R.

CORA LEE

A Ballad

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO OUR

Young Lady Friends

WORDS BY

J.W. BEAZELL

MUSIC BY

H.B. BROWN

★ *2½* Guitar.

Piann. ★ *2½*

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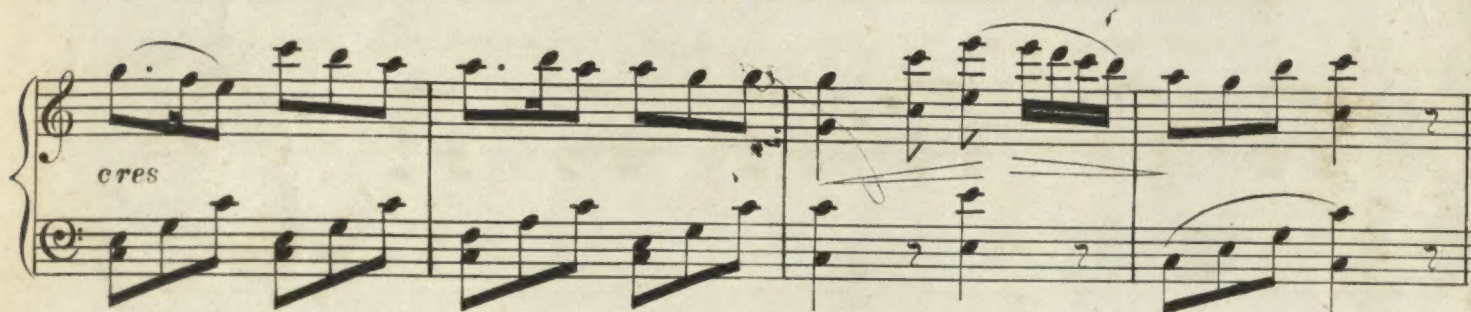
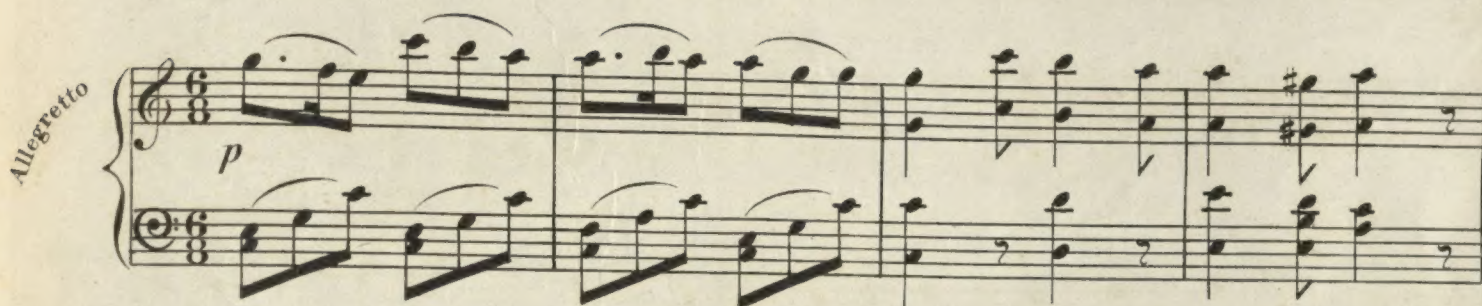
A

BALLAD

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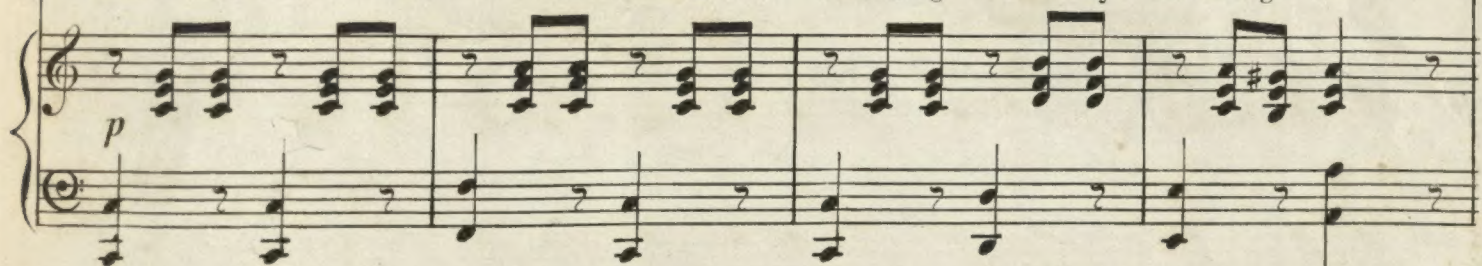
Music by H.B. Brown

Allegretto



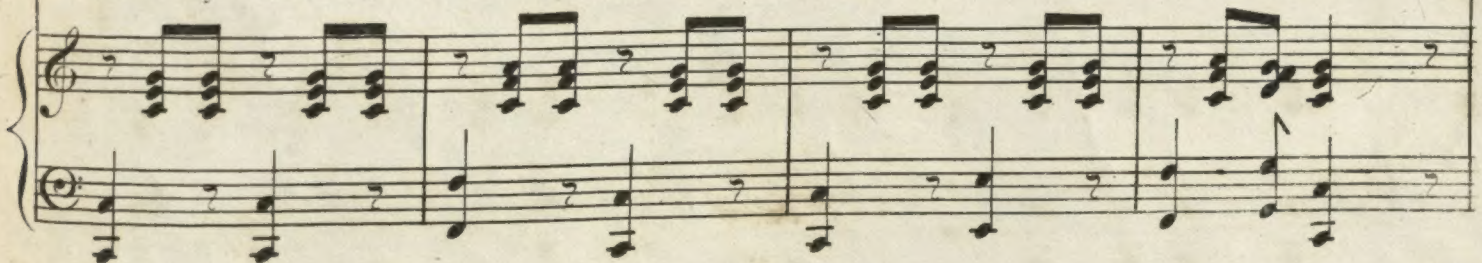
Ring - lets bright as gold - en sunbeams Float - ing o'er thy pale young brow -

Years have fled since last I saw thee Stand - ing in thy cot - tage door -



And thy form ah! fan - cy's fair dreams Ne' - er can bring one like thou,

But thy smile is ev - er with me Though I'll see thee nev - er more,



Now the wil - low sways its tres - ses, O'er thy grave dear Co - ra Lee,

Cheeks as red as sum - mer ro - ses, Eyes as blue as sun - mer sky,

And at eve the dew - drop nestles In the wild flow' - ers o'er thee,

And a heart whose wealth dis - clo - ses, Love gems sparkling in thine eye,

CHORUS.

Treble. Pale the moon - beams fall at e - ven On the green turf ov - er thee,
 Alto. Pale the moon - beams fall at e - ven On the green turf ov - er thee,
 Tenor. Pale the moon - beams fall at e - ven On the green turf ov - er thee,
 Basso. Pale the moon - beams fall at e - ven On the green turf ov - er thee,
 Piano Forte. Pale the moon - beams fall at e - ven On the green turf ov - er thee,

Treble. But thy gen - tle souls in heav - en Farewell lost one Co - - - ra Lee,.....

Alto. But thy gen - tle souls in heav - en Farewell lost one Co - - - ra Lee,.....

Tenore. But thy gen - tle souls in heav - en Farewell lost one Co - - - ra Lee,.....

Basso. But thy gen - tle souls in heav - en Farewell lost one Co - - - ra Lee,.....

Piano. *p*

Forte. *p*

Fine.

3^d

Still thy voice' like music stealing,
 Lingers round where last we met,
 And I hear thee when I'm sleeping?
 Whisper, "thou can'st ne'er forget."
 No pale marble gleams above her,
 Yet how dear that spot to me,
 Mem'ry wanders to thee ever
 "Angel stolen" Cora Lee.

